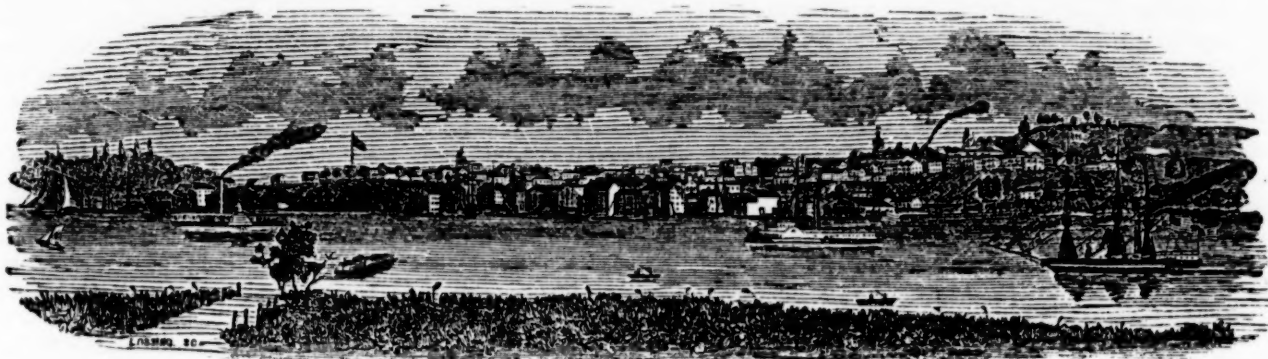


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ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

TO-DAY is St. Valentine's Day, the observance of which is said to have originated among the Romans, who, at a festival of Juno, on the 14th of February, put into a box the names of young women to be drawn out by young men. The Roman Catholics, according to their usual policy of transferring to their church, festivals endeared to the populace by long usage, gave the day to St. Valentine instead of Juno. This saint was a Roman bishop, who suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Claudius II. and was afterwards canonized. How he came to be the peculiar patron of love tokens, it is not easy to ascertain. It probably was an accident that the day set apart for him in the Catholic calendar happened to come on the 14th of February. Whatever gave him this distinction, his name is now associated with love and courtship throughout christendom; and very curious are some of the old customs observed in honor of St. Valentine.

Within the last few years, the observance of this festival has been extending in New-York, and it has now become quite a showy affair. Valentines, engraved for the occasion, are displayed in the

shop windows in great profusion. The styles are various; from the most beautiful and tasteful devices, valued at seven or eight dollars, down to the most comic and grotesque, for fifty or twenty-five cents. In some, the paper is edged with an exquisite imitation of the finest Brabant lace; and in the corner, a smiling cupid rides on a butterfly, or lies partially concealed in a richly colored rose. Others are edged with arabesques of gold, on an ultramarine ground; and the letters of the amorous epistle are variously colored, like the gorgeous old illuminated MSS. In some, the image of Cupid sleeps on delicate white satin; in others, he is hidden under a network of silvered or gilded paper, cut so fine, that when raised up the little god seems enclosed in a cage of cob-webs.

To-day, there is a strong reinforcement of carriers at the despatch post-office, and a great crowd keeps round the doors. Thousands of Valentines will be delivered before night, but thousands more will probably be obliged to lie over till to-morrow. "Hail to thy returning festival old Bishop Valentine!" says Charles Lamb. "Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable arch-flamen of Hymen! Immortal go-between! who and what manner of person art thou? Art thou but a name, typifying the restless principle which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union? Or wert thou indeed a mortal prelate, with thy tippit and thy rochet, thy apron on, and decent lawn sleeves? Mysterious personage! Like unto thee assuredly there is no other mitred father in the calendar. Thou comest attended with thousands and tens of thousands of little Loves, and the air is 'brushed with the hiss of rustling wings;' singing cupids are thy choristers; and instead of the erosier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee."

In London, it is said that two hundred thousand letters beyond the usual daily average, annually pass through the post office on St. Valentine's day. "Two hundred thousand pence for foolery!" exclaims an old gentleman. To which the daughter replies, "Why then just two hundred thousand people must be in love with each other." "Ah child thou art a foolish reckoner. All valentines are not in love. Instead of bleeding hearts transfixed with arrows, many of them would do well to choose for their emblem a fox eating a silly goose, or a puppy

munching the butterfly that sails into his open mouth."

The cynical old gentleman is right; painful as it is to oppose his bitter sarcasm to the rose-colored dreams of unsuspecting youth. Those gaily dressed valentines in our windows, will many of them, be sent on evil errands. To-day will commence some private tragedies, on which the curtain is to fall at the mad-house, or on Blackwell's Island.

Alas, society is like an inverted pyramid, and that which should point to the heavens is buried in the mud. The highest fact in man's mysterious existence, the holiest emblem of the union of the divine with the human, the meditation between matter and spirit, by which the former *should* become glorified and godlike, and thus ascend unto the bosom of the FATHER—this sacred gift is trampled under the feet of men, and changed into a stinging serpent, which carries its foul slime over the roses of life.

Moore beautifully describes the contest between two principles which in the right order of things, would never be antagonistical, but only beautiful and harmonious qualities of one law of our being. He thus described a festival in the Epicurian gardens: "Over the lake of the Temple were scattered wreaths of flowers, through which boats, filled with beautiful children floated as through a liquid parterre. Between two of these boats a mock combat was perpetually carried on; their respective commanders, two blooming youths, being habited to represent Eros and Anteros; the former the CELESTIAL LOVE of the Platonists, and the latter, that more earthly spirit, which usurps the name of Love among the Epicureans. Throughout the whole evening, their contest was maintained with various success. The timid distance at which Eros kept aloof from his lively antagonist, being the only safeguard against those darts of fire, with showers of which the other assailed him, but which falling short of their mark upon the lake, only scorched the few flowers on which they fell and were extinguished."

I have wandered from the shop windows of New-York, to Grecian gardens, in the ancient time. My mind has a troublesome habit, which compels it to fly high above the surface of things, or dive into the hidden caves beneath. To atone for my

mystical vagaries, I will tell a true story, not without significance at this season of valentines.

In a city which shall be nameless, there lived, long ago, a young girl, the only daughter of a widow. She came from the country, and was as ignorant of the dangers of a city, as the squirrels of her native fields. She had glossy black hair, gentle beaming eyes, and "lips like wet coral." Of course she knew that she was beautiful; for when she was a child strangers often stopped as she passed, and exclaimed—"How handsome she is!" And as she grew older, the young men gazed on her with admiration. She was poor, and removed to the city to earn her living by covering umbrellas. She was just at that susceptible age, when youth is passing into womanhood; when the soul begins to be pervaded by "that restless principle, which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union."

At the hotel opposite, Lord Henry Stuart, an English nobleman, had at that time taken lodgings. His visit to this country is doubtless well remembered by many, for it made a great sensation at the time. He was a peer of the realm, descended from the royal line, and was, moreover, a strikingly handsome man, of right princely carriage. He was subsequently a member of the British Parliament and is now dead.

As this distinguished stranger passed to and from his hotel, he encountered the umbrella-girl, and was impressed by her uncommon beauty. He easily traced her to the opposite store, where he soon after went to purchase an umbrella. This was followed up by presents of flowers, chats by the way-side, and invitations to walk or ride; all of which were gratefully accepted by the unsuspecting rustic. He was playing a game, for temporary excitement; she with a head full of romance, and a heart melting under the influence of love, was unconsciously endangering the happiness of her whole life.

Lord Henry invited her to visit the public gardens, on the Fourth of July. In the simplicity of her heart, she believed all his flattering professions, and considered herself his bride elect; she therefore accepted the invitation with innocent frankness. But she had no dress to appear on such a public occasion, with a gentleman of high rank, whom she verily supposed to be her destined husband. While these thoughts revolved in her mind, her eye was unfortunately attracted by a beautiful piece of silk, belonging to her employer. Ah, could she not take it without being seen, and pay for it secretly, when she had earned money enough? The temptation conquered her in a moment of weakness. She concealed the silk and conveyed it to her lodgings. It was the first thing she had ever stolen, and her remorse was painful. She would have carried it back, but she dreaded discovery. She was not sure that her repentance would be met in a spirit of forgiveness.

On the eventful Fourth of July, she came out in her new dress. Lord Henry complimented her upon her elegant appearance; but she was not happy. On their way to the gardens, he talked to her in a manner which she did not comprehend. Perceiving this, he spoke more explicitly. The guileless young creature stopped, looked in his face with a mournful reproach, and burst into tears. The nobleman took her hand kindly, and said, "My dear are you an innocent girl?" "I am, I am," replied she with convulsive sobs.—"Oh what have

I ever done or said, that you should ask me that?" Her words stirred the deep fountains of his better nature. "If you are innocent," said he, "God forbid that I should make you otherwise. But you accepted my invitations and presents so readily, that I supposed you understood me." "What could I understand," said she, "except that you intended to make me your wife?" Though reared amid the proudest distinctions of rank, he felt no inclination to smile. He blushed, and was silent. The heartless conventionalities of life stood rebuked in the presence of affectionate simplicity. He conveyed her to her humble home, and bade her farewell, with a thankful consciousness that he had done no irretrievable injury to her future prospects. The remembrance of her would soon be to him as the recollection of last year's butterflies. With her the wound was deeper. In her solitary chamber she wept, in bitterness of heart, over her ruined air-castles. And that dress which she had stolen to make an appearance befitting his bride! Oh, what if she should be discovered? And would not the heart of her poor widowed mother break, if she should ever know that her child was a thief? Alas, her wretched forebodings were too true. The silk was traced to her; she was arrested, on her way to the store, and dragged to prison. There she refused all nourishment, and wept incessantly.

On the fourth day, the keeper called upon Isaac T. Hopper, and informed him that there was a young girl in prison, who appeared to be utterly friendless, and determined to die by starvation. The kind-hearted old gentleman immediately went to her assistance. He found her lying on the floor of her cell, with her face buried in her hands, sobbing as if her heart would break. He tried to comfort her, but could obtain no answer.

"Leave us alone," said he to the keeper. "Perhaps she will speak to me, if there is none to hear." When they were alone together, he put back the hair from her temple, laid his hand kindly on her beautiful head, and said, in soothing tones. "My child, consider me as thy father. Tell me all thou hast done. If thou hast taken this silk, let me know all about it. I will do for thee as I would for a daughter; and I doubt not that I can help thee out of this difficulty."

After a long time spent in affectionate entreaty, she leaned her young head on his friendly shoulder, and sobbed out, "Oh, I wish I was dead. What will my poor mother say, when she knows of my disgrace?"

"Perhaps we can manage that she never shall know it," replied he; and alluring her by this hope, he gradually obtained from her the whole story of her acquaintance with the nobleman. He bade her be comforted, and take nourishment; for he would see that the silk was paid for, and the prosecution withdrawn. He went immediately to her employer, and told him the story. "This is her first offence," said he; "the girl is young, and the only child of a poor widow. Give her a chance to retrieve this one false step, and she may be restored to society, a useful and honored woman. I will see that thou art paid for the silk." The man readily agreed to withdraw the prosecution, and said he would have dealt otherwise by the girl, had he known all the circumstances. "Thou shouldst have inquired into the merits of the case, my friend," replied Isaac. "By this kind of thoughtlessness, many a young creature is driven into the downward path, who might easily have been saved."

The good old man then went to the hotel, and inquired for Henry Stuart. The servant said his lordship had not yet risen. "Tell him my business is of importance," said Friend Hopper. The servant soon returned, and conducted him to the chamber. The nobleman appeared surprised that a plain old Quaker should thus intrude upon his luxurious privacy; but when he heard his errand, he blushed deeply, and frankly admitted the truth of the girl's statement. His benevolent visitor took the opportunity to "bear a testimony," as the Friends say, against the sin and selfishness of profligacy. He did it in such a kind and fatherly manner, that the young man's heart was touched. He excused himself by saying that he would not have tampered with the girl, if he had known her to be virtuous. "I have done many wrong things," said he, "but, thank God, no betrayal of confiding innocence rests on my conscience. I have always esteemed it the basest act of which man is capable." The imprisonment of the poor girl, and the forlorn situation in which she had been found, distressed him greatly. And when Isaac represented that the silk had been stolen for *his* sake, that the girl had thereby lost profitable employment, and was obliged to return to her distant home, to avoid the danger of exposure, he took out a fifty dollar note, and offered it to pay her expenses. "Nay," said Isaac, "thou art a very rich man; I see in thy hand a large roll of such notes. She is the daughter of a poor widow, and thou hast been the means of doing her a great injury. Give me another."

Lord Henry handed him another fifty dollar note, and smiled as he said, "You understand your business well. But you have acted nobly, and I reverence you for it. If you ever visit England, come to see me. I will give you a cordial welcome, and treat you like a nobleman."

"Farewell, friend," replied Isaac. "Though much to blame in this affair, thou too hast behaved nobly. Mayst thou be blest in domestic life, and trifle no more with the feelings of poor girls; not even with those whom others have betrayed and deserted."

Luckily, the girl had sufficient presence of mind to assume a false name when arrested; by which means, her true name was kept out of the news-papers. "I did this," said she, "for my poor mother's sake." With the money given by Lord Henry, the silk was paid for, and she was sent home to her mother, well provided with clothing. Her name and place of residence remain to this day a secret in the breast of her benefactor.

Several years after the incidents I have related, a lady called at Friend Hopper's house, and asked to see him. When he entered the room, he found a handsomely-dressed young matron, with a blooming boy of five or six years old. She rose to meet him, and her voice choked, as she said, "Friend Hopper, do you know me?" He replied that he did not. She fixed her tearful eyes earnestly upon him, and said, "You once helped me, when in great distress." But the good missionary of humanity had helped too many in distress, to be able to recollect her, without more precise information. With a tremulous voice, she bade her son go into the next room for a few minutes; then dropping on her knees, she hid her face in his lap, and sobbed out, "I am the girl that stole the silk. Oh, where should I now be, if it had not been for you?"

When her emotion was somewhat calmed, she

told him that she had married a highly respectable man, a senator of his native State. Having a call to visit the city, she again and again passed Friend Hopper's house, looking wistfully at the windows to catch a sight of him; but when she attempted to enter, her courage failed.

"But I go away to-morrow," said she, "and I could not leave the city, without once more seeing and thanking him who saved me from ruin." She recalled her little boy, and said to him, "Look at that old gentleman, and remember him well; for he was the best friend your mother ever had." With an earnest invitation that he would visit her happy home, and a fervent "God bless you," she bade her benefactor farewell.

My venerable friend is not aware that I have written this story. I have not published it from any wish to glorify him, but to exert a genial influence on the hearts of others; to do my mite toward teaching society how to cast out the Demon Penalty, by the voice of the Angel of Love.

TALES.

MURDER WILL OUT.

BY MRS. OPIE.

[Continued.]

From this charming dream he was awakened by Editha's asking him, how it happened that he did not know in what quarter of the city of Rouen his prison was situated? At the mention of Rouen, and of his prison, all his sweet visions fled; and he no longer beheld Editha as the benefactress and idol of his highlanders, but as he saw her at dawn in the field of the nunnery.

"O God!" he exclaimed, and Editha asked him if he was ill. "A sudden pang," he replied; and then with great effort he answered, that the windows of his prison were very high, but that he believed they looked on the precincts of a nunnery.

"Indeed!" cried Editha, starting and turning pale as death; and she dropped the conversation. At length the cottager returned home accompanied by a nurse; and Editha, having promised to see them again in the course of the morning, got up to go away.

"Allow me to attend you," said Dunbar.

"Excuse me," replied Editha, blushing, "but I wish to avoid giving occasion for impertinent remarks; therefore I do not choose, by suffering you to accompany me, to run the risk of having it said that I walk with you before breakfast, and when fine ladies and fine gentlemen too are usually in bed."

"What! are you not above minding foolish reports?"

"No—nor do I wish to be. I consider attention to decorum as one of the great bulwarks of female virtue; and as I am Editha Arundel, of a certain rank in life, and you are Sir Malcolm Dunbar, of some consequence also; and as the example of persons in high is apt to influence those in lower life; I should be very sorry to think it possible that we by our example had encouraged two young persons, not perhaps with as many motives to conduct themselves with propriety as we have, to take solitary and early walks, and expose themselves to censure if not to danger."

"Granted. I should be sorry too. And now you put the matter on a right footing; but suppose that (putting example out of the question) we were seen coming out of this cottage together, and

walking home tete-a-tete, should you not despise the suspicions and censures of the busy and the meddling, as your own conscience would assure you that you deserved them not?"

"Conscience is an awful thing," replied Editha, "and not to be called in on trifling occasions; conscience is like a powerful and a superior friend, not to be resorted to but in difficult and important seasons. I should think it a sort of mock heroic, if, on a person's saying to me, 'how indecorous it was in you to be seen coming out of a cottage with Sir Malcolm Dunbar, on such a morning early!' I was to answer with the air of a tragedy queen, 'my conscience acquits me of harm, madam, in this business, and therefore I scorn the opinion of the world.' No; I had much rather in such trifles make the opinion of the world my rule of action."

"But suppose you were accused of a great crime—would the consciousness of innocence not enable you to scorn the opinion of the world?"

"I have thought a great deal on this subject," replied Editha, with a varying color and a faltering voice; and "it is perhaps from a conviction of the sacred office of conscience, that I am not fond of appealing to it on light occasions. Conscience is, as it were, the Deity's deputy on earth; and if her decisions are in one's favor, one may, even from the depth of misery and seeming guilt, lift up an eye of hope and confidence to heaven, and set at defiance the contempt and judgments of the world."

"But is this an easy matter? Could you be happy if involved in unjust obloquy, though your conscience bore testimony to your innocence?"

"Not happy, perhaps, but contented—or rather more; for I should endeavor to detach my affections in that case from everything worldly, and look to a better world, as the abode of that retributive justice which I despaired of here." As she said this, her eyes filled with tears, and wishing Dunbar good morning, she left him in the cottage. And he, as soon as he concluded that she had nearly reached home, full of pensive thought, but also of increased admiration of Miss Arundel, and conviction of her innocence, returned to his lodgings.

The next evening he went to call Miss Arundel and Mrs. Malden to walk on the Steine; and he shuddered with horror, when Editha appeared in the very hat and shawl which she wore on the fatal morning in the nunnery field!

"Did you ever see anything so odd, yet so becoming, as Miss Arundel's French hat and handkerchief?" said Mrs. Malden.

Dunbar only bowed an answer, his heart was too full to allow him to speak; at last, however, he faltered out, "whatever Miss Arundel wears becomes her." But the manner in which he spoke this was so cold, that Editha laughed, and said, she was sure he disliked her dress.

At this moment his servant came to say that a gentleman waited for him at his lodgings, who was only going to stay in Brighton while his horses were baiting. Dunbar instantly therefore followed his servant; but before he got to the end of the Steine, he saw Apreece (for it was he who had sent for him) rapidly approaching him. In an instant the danger of Editha struck him. She was in a dress too peculiar not to strike any one; and should Apreece see her face and her dress too, he knew that her dreadful secret would be instantly divulged. With frantic and desperate haste, therefore, he ran forward to meet him; and feigning sudden indisposition, he leaned on Apreece's arm; and begging

for God's sake that he would lead him to his lodgings, for that he was very ill, he completely took off his attention from the company on the Steine; and having by this means secured Apreece's stay at his apartments during the short time that he was to remain at Brighton, he felt assured that he had saved the unconscious Editha from a most alarming danger. And Apreece having, when he left him, declared that he was going on a tour of some months, Dunbar felt relieved from all fears for Editha for the present: but he resolved to do all he could to make her dislike her French hat and shawl, in order to prevent her from wearing them again.

The next evening he accompanied Madam Altieri and her daughter in her carriage to see a gentleman's seat and grounds at a short distance from Brighton. When they returned, the sun was nearly set, and that twilight stealing over the landscape which resembles the dawning of day. At this moment the postilion, who was rather intoxicated, drove over a little boy who was running across the road; and Dunbar, on hearing the scream of the child, jumped out of the carriage, and reached the ground in safety, though the horses were going on.

"For God's sake stop the carriage!" cried Editha, "I must get out too." And the man stopped.

"No—do not get out, I beg," said Dunbar, "why should you distress yourself?"

But Editha was resolved—she was sure she might be of use; and regarding neither her mother's nor Dunbar's solicitations, but telling the servants she should walk home, the carriage and Madame Altieri proceeded without her. Dunbar by this time had raised the poor boy, and found him bleeding on the forehead, but not otherwise hurt.

"Let me see the wound, I think I can bind it up," cried Editha. So saying, she desired the boy to lie down on his back; then wiping the dust from the wound, she stooped over him, and bound up his head with her handkerchief. Dunbar stood pale and motionless, gazing on her till he could bear to gaze no longer; for her attitude, her situation, her shawl waving in the breeze, and her long feathers playing in the grey and yellow twilight, as he had seen them before in the first beams of morning, recalled so forcibly to his recollection the dreadful scene, which for the sake of his own peace he was constantly wishing to forget, that he leaned against a tree, and groaned in agony.

Editha at this moment had finished binding up the boy's head; and having given him money to make him some amends for the terror and hurt he had experienced, she had desired him to hasten home, and promised to see him the next day; but the sight of Dunbar's distress surprised and alarmed her so much, that, running to him, she anxiously demanded what was the matter, and what she could do for him.

"Thank God! you have changed your position," said he, "and I can now look at you without horror."

"Without horror!" cried Editha, starting; "and have I been to you an object of horror, Dunbar?"

"Yes," replied he, fixing his eyes on her face, for he thought the moment for clearing up his doubts was now come; "your dress, your situation, and the twilight, recall so forcibly to my memory a dreadful dream that I had in my prison at Rouen, that I could not bear to look at you any longer."

"A dream, say you? what dream?" cried Editha in a faltering voice.

"I dreamt that I saw," answered Dunbar, "a fair creature exactly like you in dress as well as

form, kneeling at the first dawn of day, beside a corpse, from whose bleeding heart she snatched a dagger, and afterwards buried the dagger and the corpse in the water beside her!"

Editha, who had grasped Dunbar's arm when he began his narration, as he went on had gradually unloosed her hold; and when he had ended, she sunk down in a swoon at his feet; while he, calling her by a thousand fond and tender names, hung over her in frantic anguish, and Editha, as life returned, heard from Dunbar's lips that declaration of ardent passion which she had long in secret fondly wished to hear. But at what a moment did she now hear it! when he had just confessed that he had reason to believe she was a murderess! and when she was experiencing the agonizing reflection that her fatal secret was known to one person, and might perhaps be known to others!

When she was recovered enough to be able to stand and speak, she started from Dunbar's supporting arm, and mournfully exclaimed, "This was no dream, Dunbar! O, would to heaven it were! But the fatal secret is known to you, I find, and my life is consequently in your power."

Dunbar was about to speak; but, interrupting him, she said that the greatest kindness he could do her would be to tell her every particular of his discovery, and its consequences, and whether she was seen by any one else. Dunbar then reluctantly promised compliance. He began by relating his first view of her—the passion which he immediately entertained for her—his misery in consequence of what he saw in the nunnery-field, and on discovering that Apresee had seen it too; together with all that had passed between him and Apresee down to the means he had taken to prevent her from being seen by him during his short visit to Brighton.

"It seems then," observed Editha, when he had ended, "that I owe my life twice to your generous exertions. And would to heaven, Dunbar, that I might try to reward you, by devoting to you the life which you have tried to save! for the love which you entertain for me, proves to me that you must think me innocent of the crime of murder, spite of appearances, and I am not ashamed to confess that I return your affection."

Dunbar on hearing this flattering confession, forgot everything but the happiness of being beloved and for a few moments he could not articulate a word. At length he declared that he did believe her innocent, but that he hoped she would take compassion on his anxiety, and clear up the fatal mystery.

"That is impossible," she answered; "my secret must die with me, and I with that, if I am ever accused and tried for murder."

"Horrible!" exclaimed Dunbar relinquishing the hand he held; but resuming it he protested that would she be his wife, he would guard her even from the slightest breath of suspicion, and avert from her even the slightest apprehension of evil.

"It is impossible!" replied Editha in a mournful but determined tone. "Till now believing that my fatal secret was known to no one, and never would be known; to be yours was the fondest wish of my heart; I saw you rich in talents and in virtues, and I wished to be the honored object of your choice; but now an eternal obstacle to our union has arisen. Never, while there exists a being who is likely to drag me from a husband's arms to prison as a murderess, will I be your wife, or the wife of any man; and I would sooner die than violate what I know and feel to be a virtuous resolution."

Dunbar listened to her with anguish, but with even increased admiration, and he vainly attempted to alter her decision. He offered to go in search of Apresee, and, having tried to convince him of Editha's innocence, persuade him to bind himself by oath never to reveal what he had seen. But then he recollected his extreme obstinacy; and he thought it much safer to run the chance of his never meeting Editha, than, by informing him who she was and where she was, put it in his power to deliver her up to what he imagined to be justice.

By the time this conversation had taken place, Editha and Dunbar had arrived at Madame Altieri's door; and more wretched than any words can express, they bade each other good night, and retired to bed—but not to sleep; for that the misery of both forbade. Yet amongst the sorrow which they felt, one dear conviction, one soothing idea, threw a ray of comfort across the gloom. Editha knew that she was beloved, and that her lover's attachment had risen superior even to well-grounded suspicions of her being atrociously guilty; and Dunbar felt assured that it was not the indifference, but the virtue of Editha that opposed his happiness, and that in denying him her hand she felt as much sorrow as he did in hearing the denial.

The next day they met, but it was in company, and Madame Altieri took an opportunity of declaring that business obliged her to return immediately to Rouen. At this intelligence, and at the name of Rouen, Dunbar and Editha looked mournfully at each other; and the former, when he had an opportunity, approached the latter, and said that if she went to Rouen he begged to be permitted to accompany her, as the fears which he had for her safety made it impossible for him to be in the slightest degree easy, while absent from her, with the consciousness that she was on the spot where she had incurred such personal danger.

"On condition," replied Editha, "that you go not as my lover, but as my friend, and that you do not unsettle my mind by urging a suit which I am resolved to deny, I accede to your request."

"Cruel condition! but I will yield to any terms rather than not accompany you." He then made known his wishes to Madame Altieri and she coldly consented that he should be of their party to Rouen.

That evening, when Dunbar returned from making preparations for the voyage which was shortly to take place, he overheard the ladies in high debate, and saw by her countenance that Editha was unusually agitated.

"I am glad you are come, Sir Malcolm," cried Madame Altieri, "for I hope you will be of my opinion; and as you have some influence with Miss Arundel, you may probably convert her. She has been maintaining most violently that a person may commit murder, and yet be very amiable, and very tender-hearted; now what do you think on this subject, sir?"

It is impossible to describe the pain and embarrassment which this speech occasioned Dunbar; and when he looked at Editha, there seemed such a guilty consciousness in her downcast eye and flushed cheek, that, spite of his confidence in her innocence, he could not help believing that, in the strange opinion which she had been delivering, she had been excusing and describing herself.

"You do not answer, Sir Malcolm," cried Mrs. Malden, "but appear quite confounded at Madame Altieri's question."

"I feel myself quite unable to answer it, indeed,"

replied Dunbar, "nor do I wish to decide between two ladies whose judgments are both so entitled to deference and respect from me." Then complaining of a violent headache, he begged leave to walk in the garden for a few minutes, and suddenly retired. When he returned, after having endeavored to subdue the painful impressions which what had just past had left on his mind, he saw on Miss Arundel's countenance an expression of fixed dejection which wounded him to the soul. He even thought that she looked reproachfully at him. Nor was he mistaken; Editha found means of saying to him soon after—"I see very clearly what has passed, and is still passing in your mind relative to the late conversation; and still you wished me to marry you! Alas! when I must ever be at times the object of suspicion to you, think you that I would ever venture to be your wife?"

Dunbar was shocked and affected by these words, and by the mournful expression of her countenance as she uttered them; and seizing her hand, he promised her that he never would suspect her again.

"Impossible!" she answered, and rejoined the company.

That evening Madame Altieri, when alone with her, whose towering superiority of mind and character she had always beheld with envy, observed to Editha, that she did not expect that a young woman of her extreme correctness and propriety would have encouraged a gentleman to accompany her on a voyage to France, whose attentions to her had been too marked to be misunderstood, unless an explanation had taken place, and that he was a declared and accepted lover.

"An explanation has taken place," replied Editha, clasping her hands in agony as she spoke.

"Well! and is he—is this heretic to be your husband? for your father left you so independent of me, and gave you so fine a fortune, Miss Arundel, that I do not expect to be consulted by you on the occasion, though I can never approve your union with a heretic."

"My dear, dear mother," cried Editha, "do you suppose that I can ever forget that you are my mother, and have a right to know everything before I decide on it? Has my conduct been so very undutiful, that you are not convinced that my love and duty keep me dependent on you, though my fortune makes me otherwise?"

"No—I cannot say I have had much reason to complain of you," ungraciously replied her mother. "But are you to marry Sir Malcolm?"

"No, madam; not that his religion would have been an obstacle to our union; my father taught me to respect the religious opinions of every one, provided such opinions were sincere; and I should have had no doubt of finding, on this subject, Sir Malcolm Dunbar as liberal as myself."

"Your father," replied the bigoted Madame Altieri, "was more than half a heretic himself; but I suppose you would think it your duty to try and convert your heretic husband?"

"No otherwise, madam, than by taking care to let my practice be such as to prepossess him in favor of the belief which had occasioned it."

"Say no more, say no more," cried Madame Altieri haughtily. "On this subject I cannot bear to hear you talk. So then, you are not to marry this man?"

"No, madam I will never marry him or any other man," she answered, bursting into tears.

"And does he know, and is he convinced of this?"

"He is."

"Then why does he go to Rouen with us?"

"It is his pleasure so to do, as he never saw the city, being under strict confinement all the time that he was in it."

"I fear, Miss Arundel," said Madam Altieri, "that you have not yet forgotten the poor murdered baron."

"Forgotten him!" exclaimed Editha, shuddering as she spoke; "no, madam, believe me, I shall never be so happy as to forget him." Then rushing into her own apartment, she gave way to all her miserable feelings.

The next morning Madam Altieri told Mrs. Malden how distressed she was to see that time had not at all obliterated from her daughter's mind the image of the German baron, who was supposed to have been murdered at Rouen by his servant; that he had paid Miss Arundel most particular attention for sometime, but had suddenly neglected her, just as it was supposed that he had made an impression on her heart; but, as if his inconstancy had only rooted his image more deeply, she was convinced that her daughter would live single for his sake.

This conversation Mrs. Malden repeated to Dunbar, and while he heard it, a feeling like that of death oppressed him; he forgot that he had promised never to suspect Editha again, and he beheld the baron perishing at her feet, stabbed by her in a paroxysm of revengeful jealousy. But the next day, when all was ready for their voyage, his suspicions vanished; and nought but love triumphant, he handed Editha into the boat, contented to be with her and to behold her, and set sail for Dieppe. The next day they were on the road to Rouen.

"There! that was your prison!" said Editha to Dunbar as they entered Rouen; and as she said this, she grasped his hand almost convulsively, and neither of them spoke till they reached Madam Altieri's house.

Dunbar, having handed them out, went in search of lodgings for himself, in the neighborhood. He soon procured apartments; and having entered a public room to take some refreshment, he heard a gentleman say that the footman who was supposed to have murdered his master, a German baron, was taken up in Holland, and was then in prison at Rouen; that he had been examined, but that, though he confessed having gone off with all his master's effects, there seemed no proof of his having murdered him; and that he declared himself to be as ignorant of his fate as any one else was. Dunbar listened to this conversation with the most horrible fears. It seemed as if Editha had returned to Rouen at this critical moment, on purpose to be given up to the mercy of the law, whether justly or unjustly; for he had no doubt but that the German baron, Editha's former lover was the man murdered in the field; and he did not know but some facts might come out on the trial which might tend to criminate her.

The next day he went to Editha's house on purpose to try to see her alone, and tell her what he had overheard; but he found her in company, and he started and turned pale when he saw that she was going out dressed in her French hat and shawl!

"I meant never to wear this dress again," said Editha coming up and blushing, "as I know that

for many reasons it displeases you; but we are going to spend the day with an old lady, a dear friend of mine; and as she gave me this unfortunate dress, she will be pleased to see that I wear it still; therefore I have put it on, though very much against my feelings, believe me. Farewell! Meet us this evening on the public walk." So saying, she gave her hand to a gentleman present, and stepping into a carriage drove off immediately.

"Oh! how long will the hours seem till I see thee again!" thought Dunbar.

When evening came, he eagerly and impatiently repaired to the public walk; where after waiting some time, he saw Editha enter the promenade, Madame Altieri leaning on her arm, and hastily set off to meet them. But he found himself seized by some one, and looking round he beheld Aprece and another gentleman! This dreadful rencontre deprived Dunbar of all presence of mind, and he stood silent and motionless, looking the picture of consternation.

"By St. David!" exclaimed Aprece, "it is very strange that the sight of me always makes you ill, Dunbar! On my soul, I believe you are going to faint again! Danvers!" said Aprece (who had been drinking freely) to his friend, "who would think that this pale-faced, shaking fellow, as he is now, should be one of the bravest officers in the service, and should face a cannon with the boldest? Why, Dunbar, recover yourself, man; what the deuce ails thee?" But he spoke in vain. Editha was near at hand, and to prevent Aprece from seeing her was impossible.

"Heavens! what a beautiful creature!" cried Aprece's friend at this moment, turning and beholding Miss Arundel. Aprece following the direction of his friend's eyes, he rushed towards her, exclaiming—"It is she! by heaven, it is she herself! it is the murderess of the nunnery field!"

Dunbar heard no more, for he fell senseless on the ground; while Editha, aware who Aprece must be, for she had seen the distress depicted in Dunbar's face as she approached, crossed her hands meekly on her breast, and neither spoke nor moved.

"Who is this madman?" cried Madame Altieri; "take him away directly." But Aprece, piqued at the epithet madman, told her he was in his perfect senses, and that before any tribunal in the world he would arraign the young lady as a murderess.

By this time a crowd had collected; and a gentleman stepping forward, told Aprece that he must be mistaken in the person, for that the lady was Miss Arundel, a lady of the most exemplary character.

"Arundel! Mademoiselle Arundel!" cried a woman coming forward; "that is the name of the lady whom the poor baron went by appointment to meet, the night he disappeared, and was no doubt murdered, though not by my husband."

"Why, who are you?" cried another gentleman.

"I am the wife of Gerandi, who is now in custody on suspicion of having murdered Baron Holstein, his master; and he has found to-day a note from a Mademoiselle Arundel, begging the baron to meet her at dawn in the nunnery field—and he will produce it on his trial."

On hearing this, Aprece exclaimed, that what the woman said completely substantiated the charge; and Madame Altieri, finding that Editha said not a word to repel the charge against her, threw her daughter's arm from her with a sort of frantic violence, and was carried in a swoon from the

promenade into the nearest *restaurant's*. An officer of justice at this moment approached Editha, and said that he was under the painful necessity of taking her into custody, and carrying her before a magistrate, that a commitment on the evidence of the gentleman might be made out, and she be conveyed to prison.

"Thy will be done!" cried Editha, lifting her meek eyes to heaven and giving her hand to the officer. Yet, when she passed Dunbar, who, still insensible, was lying on a bench on which they had laid him, "Poor dear Dunbar!" she exclaimed; then, pressing his cold hand fondly between both hers, she sighed deeply, and followed whither she was led. Aprece, though with evident reluctance, now made his deposition, and Editha was conveyed to prison.

Dunbar, soon after she departed, was carried into the same house to which they had removed Madam Altieri; and when he had recovered his senses, and heard what had passed during his swoon, and that the wretched mother of Editha was in the next room, he desired to be led into her apartment, that he might speak comfort to her. But he found her in a tempest of passion, and so unwilling to believe Editha innocent, that Dunbar found it in vain to argue with her; and, unable to bear the opprobrious epithets which this cruel mother bestowed on her unhappy daughter, he took his leave of her abruptly, and went to gain, if possible admission to the prisoner. But that, he soon found was impossible; and he was returning to his lodgings in a state of the most terrible dejection, when he met Aprece and Mr. Danvers going in search of him. The sight of Aprece roused him from his despondency; and, seizing him roughly by the arm, he wildly exclaimed, that he should answer to him with his life for the life of Miss Arundel.

"You may say what you please, and do what you please to me," replied Aprece mournfully, "and I shall not resent it. I am as sorry for what I have done as you can be; for, oh, had you seen her and heard her as I did!"

"Seen and heard whom?"

"Why, this dear, unfortunate Miss Arundel. When I had made my deposition, and they led her away to prison, she turned to me, and said with the voice and look of a saint, I thought, 'Sir, I forgive you; you have probably been the means of my death, but you have only done your duty in giving up a supposed murderess to justice; and let the award of your conscience support you under the compunction which you may one day feel for what you have done, as my conscience now supports me under the expectation of the suffering which await me.' By St. David I thought I should have fainted! Not a word could I speak, but at that moment I could have laid down my life to prove her innocence, though I am pledged in a few days to prove her, as far as in me lies, guilty of murder."

"Then now you believe her innocent, do you?" eagerly interrupted Dunbar.

"Why really I—I—I don't exactly know what to believe; but this I know, that I wish from the bottom of my soul that I was not her accuser. I do not wish to afflict you, Dunbar, more than I have already done; and God knows that is more than is pleasant to me; but you are partly to blame in this."

"I to blame?" cried Dunbar.

"Yes, you. I have long been convinced that you took pains to deceive me, and make me believe

myself delicious when you knew I was in my senses, in order to save Miss Arundel from danger; and you may suppose, that when on reflection I was convinced this had been the cause, I felt piqued and hurt, and felt my love of justice, and my hatred of the crime of murder, made still more acute by a sense of personal injury; whereas, if you had been ingenuous with me, and had said, "I believe you, Apreece, you could not imagine this—but my dear fellow, my life is bound up in hers; I love her so madly, that by exposing her life you will probably destroy mine;" why then, though I should have thought you a great fool, I should have weighed the importance of your life and peace against the life of the man murdered, and the latter would, no doubt, have kicked the beam; and my conscience would have been satisfied to let Miss Arundel live unaccused. I will tell you another thing, too; your servant told mine at Brighton, it seems, that he believed your ill was all a sham, to get me off the Steine, and prevent me from seeing a Miss Arundel, who was with you; for he had overheard you one day say to yourself, "If I can but prevent Apreece's seeing her, should he come in her way, all will be safe." So I found I had been your dupe a second time; and though I could not imagine who Miss Arundel was, and why I was not to see her, I felt that you had not used me well."

"Say no more," cried Dunbar, "unless you have a mind to drive me frantic. I see and feel the justice of what you say. Never yet did disingenuousness and artifice succeed, nor should they succeed. Oh, had I told the truth, had I thrown myself on your generosity and your humanity, I now feel that this dreadful moment would have been spared us; nay, you, like me, would have distrusted the evidence of your senses, and believed your wretched victim to be innocent."

"My victim! my victim! Call her not so, Dunbar; for by heaven I cannot bear it!" replied Apreece, rushing out of the house; and Dunbar, more miserable still, returned to his lodgings.

[Concluded in our next.]

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

For the Rural Repository.

SKETCHES BY THE WAY-SIDE.

No. 3.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

Leaving New-York—the ferry boat's company—New Jersey—Trenton and Newark—Philadelphia—the Exchange—East State Penitentiary—Night in the cars—Baltimore—Washington Medical college—The Capitol at Washington—Mt. Vernon, &c.

Tired of the noise and bustle of that great city, which has been happily termed, "the Babylon of America," I was not sorry one morning when we found ourselves walking at a rapid pace, towards the Jersey landing. The river was soon crossed in a ferry boat, which contained the usual number of pretty girls with their designing mammas—of fine beaux with their white hats and nicely tasselled canes, and old gentlemen and ladies with cloaks carpet bags and children, which usually make up a boats company in the vicinity of the island city. Into the cars we hurried ourselves, and away we swept at "railroad speed," through the fertile and finely cultivated fields of New Jersey, catching "a bird's eye view" of Trenton and Newark, as we passed them, and further on finding white cottages, with an air of comfort brooding over them, which is seen nowhere, I verily believe, as in New Jersey.

This little state answers so far as quiet beauty is concerned, my ideas of Eden, better than any portion of the world which it has been before, my lot to visit. It is not the grandeur of its scenery, for here are no mountains dipping their heads in the deep blue sky; it is the air of home comfort, which seems settled upon everything around, which so charmed my eye.

On! on! by wings of steam we swept, and at length found ourselves in that rect-angular city of brother love—Philadelphia.

Everybody has heard of the regularity of these streets, which cross each other, as Peter Parley assures us, "like lines on a chess-board."

The exchange, situated at the corner of South Third and Walnut Streets, is sure to claim among other things the traveller's attention. It was erected in 1833 by the merchants and citizens of Philadelphia, and is constructed entirely of marble. It is a rect-angular Parallelogram in form, ninety-five feet front on Third street, by one hundred and fifty on Walnut street. A part on Dock street, is a semi circular projection; ornamented by six Corinthian pillars which are beautifully worked by the best Italian artists. The prototype of the Philadelphia Exchange is said to be a monument in Athens called by the Athenians, "the lantern of Demosthenes." This, taken as a specimen of architecture, is one of the most imposing edifices Philadelphia can boast.

The Eastern State Penitentiary, occupies an elevated site, and has about it an unusual air of solidity and durability. The corner stone was laid on the twenty-second of May, 1823, and the front of this building is composed of blocks of granite, hewn and squared. The windows are pointed, lofty and narrow. The great gate is twenty-seven feet high, fifteen wide, and composed of iron and oak. It is said to weigh several tons. How must the heart of the condemned sink within him, as these massive gates shut upon him! Oh God! spare me and mine from incarceration in these gloomy walls!

This penitentiary is said to be well calculated to convey to the mind, an idea of the appearance of those magnificent castles of the middle ages, which contribute to embellish the scenery of Europe.

A castle and a prison! Can there be any similarity between the two? It certainly must consist in externals only! Within this massive pile—oh! who can write the history of the misery within?

My pen halts upon the theme.

The traveler south finds no resting place. From steamboat he is hurried to car, and from car to steamboat. His eye rests perhaps upon some scene of beauty which skirts the rivers upon which he sails, but ere he is aware he shoots by it, and sees it fading away, a speck in the distance. But although outward objects are swept by with such velocity, there is always enough to interest a traveler in the appearance of his fellow passengers, especially if he is of an inquisitive disposition.

If you are in a car towards night-fall, nod! nod! begin to go heads in every direction—handkerchiefs are pulled out—hats are pulled off, and heads are bound up, leaned back, and mouths soon fall half open, showing that neither the rumbling of the cars nor the shrill whistle of the engineer, is sufficient to detain some souls from the misty land of dreams.

Such was the aspect of things one night, while we were trundling into Baltimore. It was late and the lights were out in almost every building, but occasionally a sable face showed itself, and a "yaw!

haw! haw!" came to the ear, occasioned doubtless by the witticism of some African friends.

Our stay here was short, and I will detain the reader with mention of one building only, viz. the Washington Medical College. I make mention of this in particular, on account of its beautiful architecture. It is said that it will proudly vie with the proudest collegiate edifices. It is situated on elevated ground, and commands an extensive view—from it may be seen the city, Patapsco, and the surrounding country. The apartments are numerous spacious, and lofty, and no one can contemplate its external appearance, without feelings of admiration. There are apartments here designed for strangers who may be sick while visiting the city, and desire some place where they can be carefully watched over and provided for. They can here have any physician they prefer, and live almost as retired as in their own homes. This institution is popular with strangers, and long may it remain so! Our next halting place was at Washington, WASHINGTON! the capital of this proud republic; who has not heard of every thing which *can* be said about this city, and who does not wish once to gaze upon it notwithstanding with their own eyes! Descriptions of the President's House and Capitol, may be found in almost every book, and have issued from the pens of almost every writer—any thing which can be said must be trite; so I pass on with the simple remark, that I think most Americans are proud of their country's Capitol when they visit it.

The black stewardess aroused me from my slumbers one morning, after having embarked on the broad bosom of the Potomac, saying that we were 16 miles from Washington, passing Mount Vernon. I sprang to a window, and there indeed stood the home of him whose name I had been taught to hush with reverence in my cradle bed. In the lawn among the trees on an eminence rising from the banks of the river, stood the old white house with its cupola and spire. Here dwelt the man, "whose integrity" we are assured by the historians "was incorruptible"—one whom poetry and sculpture, and eloquence have striven to immortalize, but who independent of these, must have ever lived in the affections of the people. There is a halo of undying glory around the name of Washington. It is on our rivers—our institutions of learning—our mountains and villages and cities. It *must* live forever. Our republic may crumble and be among the things that were, but ages hence the traveler will be pointed to this little mount, and told, that *there* dwelt the great artificer of American Liberty. It is this that makes Mount Vernon what it is; "a Mecca shrine" for all the world.

The house appeared from the position in which I viewed it like every print I have ever seen of it, and they have been innumerable—Long may it lift its white front above the waters of the Potomac!

October, 1845.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

THE ROSE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

"I SEE all the flowers round about me wither and perish; and yet they always call *me* the fading, the easily perishing rose. Ungrateful men! do I not make my short existence sufficiently agreeable to you? Yes even at my death I prepare for you a

tomb of sweet perfumes; medicines and salves full of refreshment and strength. And yet I hear you always sing and say; ah, the fading, the easily falling rose!"

Thus complained the queen of flowers upon her throne, perhaps already in the first sensation of her waning beauty. A little maiden standing near by, heard this and said: "Be not angry with us, sweet little one! nor call that ingratitude which is a higher love, the wish of a tender inclination. We see all the flowers around us perish, and consider it the destiny of flowers; but you our queen, you we alone wish and consider worthy of immortality. And when we see ourselves also disappointed in our wish, then permit us the lamentation with which we mourn our own destiny in thine. All the beauty youth and joy of our lives we liken to you; and when they, like you decay, then we always sing and say; ah, the fading, the easily falling rose!"

Middlefield, N. Y. 1846.

Srow.

MISCELLANY.

CERTAINLY A PREDICAMENT.

A FEW nights since, a tall eccentric personage was observed, by the tenants of the cabin of one of the Albany boats, to perform sundry strange evolutions, garnished by a variety of hops, skips and jumps which betokened any thing but a sane mind in the performer. The movements of this personage betrayed trouble and pain, and they were at last so perfectly distressing to the beholders that a consultation was held, and a committee of three appointed to inquire into the cause of the stranger's unaccountable movements. With due caution the deputies approached their man, while the others gathered around within earshot to witness whatever "tale" might be "unfolded." The committee stated their reasons for troubling him with what might be deemed impertinent interrogatories, and concluded their remarks by requesting to know the reason of his apparent perplexity, and whether or not they could render him any aid.

"Wall," said the stranger, who was a Yankee, and who spoke in the most solemn accent, while his face evidenced a deal of pent up sorrow; "Wall, I don't know but you might help a feller a little. I'm in a heap of pain—bothered like sixty! I'm in a predicament."

The ears of the entire party were distended, and, mouths perceptibly parted to wonder-width.

"In a predicament," said one of the trio, "pray what is it? We feel desirous of alleviating any misfortune that may have befallen you."

"That's clever," said the Yankee, "wall, may be none of you was ever kicked by a boss?"

All admitted that they had escaped such a calamity.

"Nor bit by a spider?"

No one plead guilty.

"Nor chased by a rattle-snake?"

"No," unanimously.

"Nor been caught in a thunder-shower with a gal, and felt meaner 'an thunder?"

Not a man in the assembly had experienced *that* mishap.

"Wall, my predicament is worse, I calculate, than any of them."

"Do tell us what it is," was the earnest request of a very respectable clergyman.

"Wall, gents, I rayther gucas I will.—The sole

of my right foot itchs like sin, and I can't get off my boot to scratch it!"

The cabin was cleared in about the space of a minute. How many of us are occasionally caught in public with an itching sole, and cannot "get at it to scratch!"

CONNUBIAL.

"My dear, did John black them boots?"

"How should I know—I hain't got noth'n to do with your boots. It's washing day."

"But my love, you needn't speak so cross."

"Speak so cross! I didn't speak cross."

"Oh—yes you did."

"I didn't."

"I say you *did*."

"I say I *didn't*."

"By gracious! I won't stand this. It's too bad to be treated in this way, I'll leave you, madam. We'll have a separation."

"Oh, Mr. Slob—was ever a woman so abused. Here I've been working and washing and scrubbing all day long, as hard as ever I could, and then you come home and act so to me—jus kos I don't know noth'n about—your boots—oh! it is to bad it is—boo hoo! boo hoo!"

"Hem! Well, Nancy, I didn't mean to make you cry. Never mind—I reckon John has blacked my boots. Is them sassingers to be fried for supper?"

"Y-e-e-es—my dear—I got um for you putticklearly."

CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA. (*not yet patented.*)—The Burlington Free Press gives the following new remedy for this disease, recently discovered by a gentleman in that neighborhood. It is infallible, if the patient *works* as well as the medicine. "When taken to be well *shaken*." The dyspeptic thus gives his experience. "A very moderate dose of *scythe* in the forenoon created an appetite for dinner that would do honor to sixteen glasses of old Congress. A prescription of *rake* and *fork* in the afternoon ensured a night's rest and refreshing sleep. This course, followed faithfully four or five days, made me feel like a new man."

OBEYING ORDERS.—"William," said a carpenter to his apprentice, "I'm going away to-day, and I want you to grind *all* the tools." "Yes, sir," said William. The carpenter came home at night—"William, have you ground *all* the tools right sharp?" "All but the *hand-saw*," said Will; "I couldn't get *quite all* the gaps out of *that*."

LUNAR OBSERVATIONS.—The moon said a total abstinence orator, is not quite "teetotal," but she lets her "moderation" be known to all men, for she only fills her "*horn*" once a month. Then she fills it with something very strong, observed a bystander for I've often seen her "half gone." Aye, said another, and I've seen her "full."

A boy being praised for his quickness of reply a gentleman observed, "when children are so very keen, they generally become stupid as they advance in years." The lad immediately replied—"what a very keen boy you must have been."

MASSA, one ob you's oxen's dead—toddler too, I was 'fraid to tell you ob 'em bof at once, 'fraid you couldn't bore it.

Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1846.

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MIRROR.

THE New-York Weekly Mirror commenced a new Volume on Saturday, Oct. 11th, 1845. It will be hereafter enriched with original contributions—the life, spice and spirit of the foreign Journals and contain all the news, intelligence and variety of the daily sheet, handsomely printed on fine paper, manufactured for the express purpose, and will be forwarded by the earliest mails, in strong wrappers, to every part of the United States and Canada. Postage free within thirty miles of New-York. All communications should be addressed *post paid*, to H. Fuller, corner of Ann and Nassau streets, New-York.—Terms \$3.00 per annum in advance.

Price of the Daily Evening Mirror, \$6.00 per annum in advance.

SATURDAY COURIER.

THE Saturday Courier, has become so well-known through a popular course of fifteen years, that it would be superfluous for us to sing its praises in our humble Rural. We may remark however, that it is one of the best, and cheapest family Newspapers, printed in the Union. The Courier circulates among the intelligent Families of our Republic, from the Lakes to the Ocean. It issues every week more than double the number of copies printed by any other paper. Its general contents are more richly varied and interesting, embracing Literature, Science, the Arts, Mechanics, Agriculture, the Markets, Health, Amusement, and everything that should add value to a universal family newspaper.

The Courier is printed and published by A. M'Makin and E. Holden, No. 97 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.—Terms \$2.00, per annum in advance.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

C. W. M. Oil Creek, Penn. \$1.00; E. A. T. Horicon, N. Y. \$3.00; E. H. B. Lexington, Va. \$1.00; J. R. M. Clintonville, N. Y. (for Vol 21.) \$1.00; J. F. Sterlingville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. L. Gt. Barrington, Ms. \$1.00; J. A. Wolcott, N. Y. \$1.00; E. L. M. Lee, Mass. \$0.75; J. S. Norway, N. Y. \$1.00; A. H. M. Middlebury, Vt. \$1.00; O. H. South Livonia, N. Y. \$3.00; J. H. H. Centre Cambridge, \$7.00; L. D. W. East Clarendon, \$3.00; H. A. P. Sherburne, N. Y. \$2.00.



In this city, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. E. Crawford, Mr. Allen Bachman, to Miss Paulina Henth, all of this city.

Young Allen loved the fair Pauline,
And chose her for his Valentine;
The cake indeed was very fine,
We give our thanks in simple rhyme.



In this city, on the 3d inst. John W. Nash, in his 20th year. On the 8th inst. Margaret Kinyon, in her 45th year. On the 9th inst. Catharine, daughter of Catharine Decker, aged 7 months.

On the 29th ult. Charles, son of Nelson and Maria J. Weeks, aged 18 months.

On the 29th ult. Norman son of Almeron and Maria Van Hoesen, aged 2 months.

On the 30th ult. Gersham Webster, in his 80th year.

At Cooperstown, on the 28th ult. Mary, wife of Richard Cooper, aged 34 years.

In Canaan, on the 5th inst. Mrs. Lucy Cady, wife of Capt. Eleazer Cady, aged 64 years.

In Stockport, on the 31st ult. Mrs. Christina, wife of James Van Dercar, in the 43d year of her age.

In Harpersfield, Delaware Co. N. Y. on the 19th ult. Mr. William Buckingham, aged 54 years.

In the death of Mr. Buckingham, a bereaved widow mourns the loss of a kind and faithful husband, a large family of children have been deprived of an affectionate and indulgent father, and the community in which he resided, sustain the loss of one of their most estimable and worthy citizens. He was beloved by all who enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance, and his many charitable deeds, with the generous spirit which he possessed, had won for him an extensive circle of warm and devoted friends. It was his chief delight to administer to the wants of his fellow beings, and to lighten the burdens, and alleviate the sufferings of the poor and destitute, and his sympathies have ever been enlisted in an especial manner in behalf of the Widow and Orphan, many of whom have often received encouragement and assistance from him in various ways. An excellent man has passed from earth, and while his bereaved relatives mourn his loss, they have the consoling assurance that he still lives in the memory of a large circle of admiring friends.—*Col. Rep.*

C. W. B.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

LINES

On seeing a picture of Joseph and Mary, fleeing into Egypt with the infant Jesus.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

Look, how she gazes in his mild blue eye,
Serene and soft, as summer evening's sky;
Her very soul into the glance is thrown,
Her darling child, bestowed by God—her own;
Compelled to fly, to shelter him from harm,
Her precious charge, Creation's fairest charm.

Ne'er did a mother know a richer joy,
Than Mary, in her own beloved boy;
She drank pure transport from his kindling eye,
Nor dreamed her idol for a world must die.

When bending o'er the object of her love,
She held sweet converse with the blest above,
For there was something so unearthly sweet,
In the fond glance her soul was sure to meet;
When o'er her child she leaned in soft repose
His cheek and lip the color of the rose,
His forehead beautiful, his brow divine
That lit a flame upon devotion's shrine.

See how her arms entwined around her child,
Behold her face, her eye so heavenly mild,
Looking intent as if her soul had caught,
Fresh inspiration from a sudden thought,
An impulse springing from a fount within
Unspeaking and why? 'twas free from sin.

Oh, Mary, Mary, who can ever guess,
The thrilling transport of thy first caress.
Oh, who can fancy what thy feelings were,
With what of earth I ask could they compare?
Mary! mother of Christ, favored of heaven,
When to thy arms the infant God was given?

And Joseph look, how kind he turns his face,
And smiles to see the fervent close embrace;
His wife, his idol—beautiful and fair,
And the young child, both his peculiar care.

With staff in hand he leads the mule along
And cheers their journey with a favorite song
Over the desert hies with sandaled feet,
Nor feels fatigue to gain a safe retreat,
His head uncovered 'neath the moon's pale ray,
Nor scorched at noon, when fiercest sunbeams' play,
The stars rejoicing in their glimmering light,
To guide their Maker this the cheerless night.

Redeemer God! how beautiful art thou
How calm the expression of thy radiant brow!
How sweet thy look, how charming thy young face
What matchless symmetry, what touching grace,
Thy well-proportioned features—form display,
In Mary's arms borne from the sword away.

Blessed mother, could thy arms have sheltered him,
He ne'er had suffered, 'till his eye grew dim,
He ne'er had cried, as fate's dark waves arose,
He ne'er had sunk beneath sin's bitter woes.
No sword had entered his pure holy breast
To Mary's bosom closely, warmly pressed.
Her arms had shielded what she truly loved,
Nor all of earth the precious boon removed.

Not hers to keep, to shield her child from harm,
Nor hers to pray amid the wild alarm;
Low at the Cross, in dumb despair she lies,
The child she bore, the God Redeemer dies!

Ere yet his eyes he shut upon the world
As round his head its fiercest darts were hurled,
He sees his mother—Mary—bowed by heaven,
While his own soul with mountain woes is riven,
Directs his friend to where the weeper lay,
Of filial love, oh, what a bright display!
"Cherish, protect and calm her anguished soul."

Then with a groan that reached from pole to pole,
He paid the debt stern Justice did demand.
Oceans and seas, the rocks and solid land—
All echoed back the sound of that last groan—
That purchased fallen man, a heavenly throne.
Sag Harbor, L. I. 1846.

For the Rural Repository.

THE VAIN SEARCH.

SCARCE had the morning sun,
With his resplendent beams,
Illumed fair nature's smiling brow,
Where blooming beauty gleams.
And tinged with golden hues,
The leaflet and the spray;
And from the blushing vine-hills chased,
The sparkling dews away.

When from a rural cot,
A wayward youth had traced,
His truant foot-steps o'er the lawn,
With most beguiling haste.

He left the realm of joy,
Where grief had ever slept,
And harbingers of happiness
Their quiet vigils kept.

Where sweet the turtle sung,
'Mid amaranthine bowers;
And pleasure lent her plummy wings
To speed the lingering hours.

But with them soon she fled,
And bade this youth adieu;
As fades the bright, the morning star
In the ethereal blue.

Still o'er the expansive waste,
His thorny path-way wound;
And long the grasping phantom chased,
The boon though never found.

The flowers that in their pride,
O'er hung the lengthened way;
Whose seed in nature's garden grew,
Bloomed but to mark decay.

Then back with sickened heart,
He turned his wearied feet,
And from the vain delusive scene
He sought that blest retreat.

His happy Eden home,
'Mid verdant vales around,
Whose only joy without alloy
On earth can e'er be found.

J. R. M.

Clintonville, January, 1846.

For the Rural Repository.

THE BIRTH OF LIGHT.

EARTH rolled in darkness, for never had light
Spanned the unknown deep in its onward flight,
And o'er the wide waste of midnight gloom
Reigned silence deep as the voiceless tomb.
The orbs were all rayless that rolled on high,
For no golden flood filled the sable sky—
No tinted shades danced in the air
Weaving nameless spangles so richly and rare.
Dark, tintless and colorless, all the same,
Was the lead-like stone and the diamonds flame;
Yet the Earth rolled freely on in the gloom,
And its winds breathed soft in the dark wide tomb.

Then there came a voice through the realm of death,
And the firmament shook in its mighty breath—
"Let there be light," the mandate rung
To the nadir deep where darkness sprung,
And the fires of day its deep tones heard,
And joyously leapt to obey the word.
Up the distant east sprung the rainbow light,
Then mingled in flames of silver white;
And it rolled the veil from the bright blue sky,
Where the boundless fields of azure lie;
And the stars lit up their glimmering fires,
And touched their harps of golden wires;
And a fluid murmur around them rung,
'Twas the morning song Creation sung.

And afar was heard the low-toned hymn,
And the light strung harps of the Cherubim,

Then down from the heights in gold clouds came
The new-born light with dance and with flame,
Dark shades from the hill tops rolled away
And the valleys smiled in the dawning day,
Then first appeared the glittering dew,
On the green robes of Earth beaming freshly and new;
And nameless flowers shone with colorings bright,
As through their veins darted the fluid light
And onward with joy moved the pearly streams,
And warbling glittered with rainbow beams—
Creation awoke from its long dark night,
And its glad voice rung at the natal of light! D.
Williamstown, Mass. 1846.

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